THE CANADIAN ROUTE.

The Scenic Qualities of the St. Lawrence Will in Summer Prove an Attraction to Tourists.

Can the United States shipbuilders construct an Atlantic liner equal to those of British make? We shall soon see.

When Congress admitted the two British built vessels of the American Line to United States register by a special law, it was on the understanding that the company would proceed to construct other vessels in the States built entirely from native material by native hands. The St. Louis, the first of these, is now under way in Philadelphia. A good deal of interest necessarily attaches to this experiment, particularly in Canada, which, we hope, will soon have a fast fleet of its own, able —owing to our being nearer Europe than the States—to do the distance in shorter time.

The United States has the chance of profiting by British experience in constructing the new boat, and will undoubtedly try to improve on every feature already introduced by British inventiveness and skill to secure speed and provide a luxurious palace for the ocean traveller. The St Louis is to be 554 feet long over all, its extreme breadth will be 63 feet, and its displacement, at 26 feet draught, will be nearly 26,000 tons.

TRULY A MARINE MONSTER.

The interior fittings will aim at rivalling the famous White Star liners and Cunarders. The library and reading-room will be the largest. The dining saloon will be amidships, and a deck higher than is usually the case. The ventilation, heating and other features will follow the most approved modern methods, and special attention will be given to the accommodation provided for second cabin and steerage passengers.

No doubt when Mr. Huddart lets contracts for the new Canadian vessels every effort will be made to equal if not surpass the boats running to New York, and the Canadian route will always have at least three advantages which the lines to the south cannot hope to rival. There is first the fact that it is geographically a shorter distance; the scenic qualities of the St. Lawrence will in summer prove an attraction to tourists, and, lastly, the quicker passage will prove a great drawing card to two classes of persons, those who are in a hurry and those who suffer from mal de mer. While the requirement of the British-Canadian mail service only stipulates for a speed of 20 knots per hour, the new vessels will probably be built to attain a higher rate if the traffic should show that to be profitable. The owners would thus only be consulting their best interests in building the very best boats.

It is no extravagant expectation that the Canadian liners will

SURPASS ALL OTHERS IN SUCCESS,

for this reason: the great majority of people who cross the ocean suffer extremely from illness in rough weather, and the shortest route is the one people will take. This, after all, is the great feature of modern ocean travelling, and the New York lines have tempted the timid by speed and comfort to conquer their aversion to the sea. There seems to be no undue boasting in the hope that the Canadian line will take much traffic from the south. It is an admitted fact—indeed, we never heard it challenged —that in crossing the continent no road in the United States equals the Canadian Pacific Railway. Those who take other lines do so because they wish to stop at some point on the way, and are prepared to sacrifice the superior accommodation and more beautiful mountain scenery of the Canadian Pacific to their own necessities. But it is a sacrifice, as everyone admits.

The day is now at hand when the round-the-world route will be via Canada. Stop-over tickets will doubtless always be available to see Niagara Falls, New York and Chicago.

LOVE'S UNEVEN COURSE IN JAPAN.

A Discarded Suitor's Tragic Treatment o the Girl Who Had Jilted Him.

The steamer Rio de Janeiro, which arrived yesterday from the Orient, brought the following from Japan:

A tragic episode occurred recently in Kochi. Two years ago a young farmer in an out-of-the-way village fell in love with the pretty daughter of a fellow-villager. They exchanged vows, and the girl received some trifling gifts from her admirer. Called away soon after on business, the young man kept up a desultory correspondence with his betrothed. Suddenly her letters stopped coming. As soon as he could he went back to his native village, only to find the girl false and the wife of another. Hers, it appeared, had been merely a girlish fancy. She was now the contented wife of a man whom she loved. The disappointed suitor tried to arrange a meeting with her, but all his endeavors were foiled. Finally he wrote to her insisting upon the return of the gifts he had once made. This the young woman foolishly refused to do. The discarded suitor that night forced his way into the dwelling of his former love and her husband. He cut off the wife's head in the most barbarous fashion, and then seizing the husband, who was trying to escape, stabbed him to death. Taking the woman's head with him he returned to his own house. He placed the head on a low table, and, after upbraiding it in the bitterest terms, deliberately cut his own throat. Death was instantaneous.

The Dagger That Killed Carnot.

Since the assination of M. Carnot, the cutler at Cette, who sold the dagger to the murderer, has, it is said, been inundated with orders for weapons of similar pattern and size to that used on the fatal night at Lyons. The orders come from France and from abroad, somebody in Brussels having asked for 300 daggers. During the past month the cutler has despatched over one thousand of these articles to various places and he is on the road to realiz a small, fortune out of the extraordinary craze manifested by his customers, French and foreign. Some of these people intend to exhibit the blades in their shops or taverns, while others are collectors of curiosities, who want to possess some memento of a terrible crime.

PERSONAL POINTERS.

A Few Paragraphs About Some of the Great Folks of the World.

The Duke of Cambridge has completed fifty years of service in the British army, and has been commander-in-chief for thirty-five years.

The Empress Elizabeth of Austria will spend the winter from mid-December to the end of January at Mentone, where the Emperor will join her. In the month of February she will cruise off the cost of Spain.

Mrs. Rosa M. Avery, the famous anti-slavery propagandist, who died in Chicago the other day, was born in Ohio. She organized the first anti-slavery society ever known in Ashtabula, O., and not a clergyman in the place would give notice of its meeting so late as two years before the war.

Lord Dunraven has successfully passed the examination for a yachtsman's certificate, giving him the right to be sailing master of his own boat. The certificate is the same as that given to a master, save that the four years of service in subordinate positions has not been required, and the holder can sail no vessel but his own.

It has been a matter of surprise that no authentic life of Parnell has appeared since the death of the "uncrowned king," but it is probable that a memoir, partly biographical and partly political, will be ready for the press in time for the next general election in England. The book will be the work of J. Kelly, the Irish ex-member of Parliament, who is now arranging and sifting the material for it.

The Queen has sent the Haymarket Company some charming souvenirs of their visit to Balmoral. To Mr. Beerbohm Tree her Majesty presented a silver salver with a suitable inscription; to Mrs. Tree a brooch set with diamonds and rubies; to Miss Violet Tree a ruby brooch; to Miss Lily Hanbury a torquoise and diamond brooch; to Mr. Lionel Brough a diamond and ruby pin; to Mr. Charles Allen a silver cigar case; and to Mrs. E. H. Brooke a brooch set with diamonds.

It is said that Queen Victoria is proficient in eleven European languages, and that she has, during the last four or five years, completely mastered Hindustanee, in which she converses with great correctness and fluency with any of her Indian subjects who are presented at Court. Her Majesty frequently writes to every important sovereign in Europe, and her influence on the side of peace is said to have been beneficial, her knowledge of foreign affairs being most intimate and accurate.

When Conan Doyle sets sail for England early next month, in order to reach his kinspeople by Christmas, he will go direct to Switzerland to join his wife, who is there for her health. He will remain in the country of the Alps for a month or two, resting from his American lecture tour. Next autumn, that is in October, 1895, he will return to America, incidentally to resume his lecturing tour, but principally to try the effect of our climate upon Mrs. Doyle's health. It is the novelist's intention to take his wife to Colorado for a stay of several months while he visits the cities of the Pacific coast on a professional tour.

Minerva Eversoll is the name of a young woman renowned in the Sierra Nevada region. She is the mail-carrier of Burrough valley, which lies fifty miles to the north-east of Fresno, Cal. The valley is somewhat shut off from the outer world, and the only means of communication is by wagon or horseback over a narrow road, and there is no post-office near at hand. The men who undertook to carry the mail always gave it up because of the hard work and small pay, but Miss Minerva, the 17-year-old daughter of the well-to-do Eversoll family, is not daunted by these difficulties. She enjoys the venturesome undertaking, and makes the journey through the wilderness twice a week.

A REMARKABLE MOVEMENT.

New Zealand Shipping Companies Are taxed to Meet the Demands of the Emigrants.

Australian papers just received are discussing an exodus from New Zealand which has been going on for some time, and recently has been acquiring considerable proportions. The Sydney Herald refers to it editorially as the "most remarkable movement visible at the present time in these colonies." There is nothing in th commercial situation in New Zealand t drive the people out looking for homes to the Australian continent, and yet the shipping companies are taxed to meet the demands of the emigrants. The position n new Zealand decidedly forbids any idea that the new discoveries of gold in New South Wales, for instance, have been attracting large numbers of eager people from one colony to the other. No such explanation has indeed been advanced.

From the best opinions available it would seem that a panic has arisen in New Zealand over the threatening aspect of the political elements. The colony finds no political experiment unworthy of a trial. The voting power of the newly enfranchised female army can always be relied upon by by bolds politicians to give them their warrant for putting socialistic ideas into practice which the electors of any other country would think hard twenty-one times before touching. Of course if a man were making a living in the most fantastically governed community, and sure of reaping the profits of his own industry, intelligence or fortune, he would be a fool if he did not stay there untroubled by other considerations. But in New Zealand the fads are costing like fury in the shade of taxation, and the burden is falling heavily on the people of means and property. On the other hand, the state of affairs offers the highest inducements to the detached and floating portions of society. The advanced politicians have created in this way a brand new problem which is not only driving the desirable people out, but is giving the colony prominence in the eyes of undesirable outsiders.

The Sydney Herald states pretty emphatically that New Zealand is a "desirable place to get away from." The lesson to be learned from such a remarkable movement of population is a warning against progressive socialism with woman's franchise as the lever. Progressive euchre is a more harmless amusement for the ladies.

FAINTED IN CHURCH.

The Deplorable Condition of a Young Lady in Brockville.

A Case that Created Much Interest—Weak, Almost Bloodless and Frequently Confined to Her Bed—Again Enjoying Complete Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Readers of the Recorder have no doubt followed with interest the many instances related in these columns of recoveries—sometimes of a very remarkable nature, of persons affected with diseases of different kinds, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Apart from the marvellous recoveries, the accounts were interesting to the people of Brockville and vicinity from the fact that this town is the home of the Dr. Williams' Co., and the place where the celebrated medicine is made. The family of Mr. Thomas Humble, residents on Park street north, furnish a case of such recovery no less notable than many previously published, that will be of particular interest in this community. Mr. Humble is an employee of Bowie & Co., brewers, and is well known and highly respected by many of our citizens. The member of his family whose cure we have mentioned, is his eldest daughter Carrie, a girl of about nineteen years of age. The facts in the case were first brought to the notice of the Recorder by Mr. Wm. Birks, a well-known merchant tailor, who on one occasion assisted in removing Miss Humble, who was attacked with a fit of extreme weakness while attending service in the George street Methodist church. The other evening a reporter visited the home of the family in question, and upon stating his mission to Mrs. Humble, the story of the case was briefly related, not, however, with any desire for notoriety, but rather a determination on her part that it should be given if it might in the least be of benefit to others similarly afflicted. According to her mother's story, Miss Humble's illness dates back to the summer of 1889. Her trouble was extreme weakness and exhaustion, caused by weak and watery blood. She was subject to severe headaches, heart palpitation, and other symptoms which follow a depraved condition of the blood. Often while down street on business the young lady would become so exhausted by the walk as to be scarcely able to get home, and she was frequently confined to her bed for weeks at a time, and had to have her meals carried to her. For a period of over three years she was almost continually under medical treatment. The doctors' medicine would prove of benefit while being taken, but as soon as the treatment was discontinued the patient would become worse. He friends were much discouraged and feared she would not recover. In the winter of 1893 Mrs. Humble read of a similar case where a cure was brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This prompted her to give them a trial in her daughter's case, who was at the time so weak that she could not leave her room The result was remarkable. There was soon a marked improvement, and by the time two boxes were used Miss Humble appeared to be so much recovered that the treatment was discontinued. But it later became evident that the patient had not been fully restored for after a few months there was a return of the trouble. Miss Humble was sent on a visit to some friends in the United States in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial, but she returned to her home worse than when she went away. Her mother was then determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a further trial, and the result proved most gratifying, as the girl's health has been completely restored, and she is to-day as well and strong as any girl of her age. Mrs. Humble told the story of her daughter's illness and recovery with an impressiveness that carried conviction of its absolute truthfulness. Miss Humble also corroborated her mother's statements, and they can be vouched for by many of her friends in the church, the Sunday school and others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

These We Have Always.

A critic suggests that a mass meeting of dramatic critics be called to protest against the further use on the stage of the subjoined expressions:

"You will learn to love me."

"Listen (music), and I will tell you the story of my life."

"He was the only man who ever spoke a kind word to me."

Papa kiss mama."

"I must tell you one thing before I go—not very much to you, perhaps, but to me everything. I love you.

"Be brave, Jack; you have me."

"Ah, little one, you don't understand these things."

"For some weeks I have noticed a change in your manner toward me.

"At last Robert Gorgon, we meet face to face. * * * A-h-h!" (as is stabbed in the back.)

"Me c-h-e-i-l-d!"

"What was that? Only the snap of a twig. How faint my heart feels to-day. Some superstitious dread seems to be over me."

"Don't be afraid of me, little one. I once had a child who, if he had but lived, would have looked just as you do now." (Looks earnestly at the lad's face and toys with his hair.)

"I see it all now."

M. Victorien Sardou has just entered on his sixty-fourth year. He began his career as a playwright in 1854 with a dismal failure. At that time he lived in a garret.

There are now 156 packs of foxhounds in England, 114 of harriers and seventeen packs of staghounds. In Ireland there are twenty-eight packs of harriers, twenty of foxhounds and six packs of staghounds. In Scotland there are ten packs of foxhounds, three of harriers but no staghounds.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Make a Hearth Brush.

It is made of fine manilla rope, about the thickness of a slate pencil, in this way: Braid four strands of the rope 28 inches in length together in the middle to form a braid 8 inches long. Fold this together for the handle and bind the rope around the ends for the space of two inches. Untwist the remaining length or ends of rope and comb them out. Lay the brush on a flat surface, daub light blue oil paint on the upper part

HEARTH BRUSH.

of the fringe to stiffen as well as ornamen it. A heavy line of the same two inches below defines that section of the brush. Gilt or silver paint dashed over the blue in fine lines and on the portion that is bound around will enhance its beauty. Again comb the fringe out and turn it. Although this description may sound rather complicated I can assure you it will not prove so, as you will assert after making one of the brushes. They sell readily at fairs at a large profit, as the cost of material is little.

A Bag Table.

"Will you make a bag for my table? You know I have charge of the bag table at the church fair."

Miss Elkins hesitated before replying. Then looking defiantly at the gentle questioner she said, cutting each word short before the next was enunciated, "If—you—want—a—silk—bag—I—will—tell—you—now—I—won't make it."

"But, Miss Elkins, I insist on no special kind of bag. I hope many varieties will be found on my table. Indeed, I do not insist at all. I wished for some of your handiwork, however"—

"There—you—go. I—didn't—say—as—I—wouldn't—make—you—any." She paused, and then turned as if to walk off before the crimsoned confusion of the other lady, then, in a higher pitch, and shorter than before if possible, she added, "I'll—make—you—four. Not—flimsy—but—sub—stan—tial." And with head high in air she marched off.

A week before the fair she sent the four bags to the lady who had so timidly asked for one. All were beautifully stitched and made neatly and firmly. There was one of white linen lined with oiled silk. A fine tape served as drawing string, and sponge was printed in carefully outlined letters running bias across the bag.

Another was made of drab towelling, fringed at either end and cross-stitched in red worsted. It was a soiled clothes bag.

The third was a small, slipper-like bag, made of ticking, for a duster. The white stripe of the ticking was cat-stitched in yellow silk.

And the fourth and last was a white conton flannel bag with an elaborate $ in gold bullion. This was a housekeeper's bag to hold the extra bills and coin which were not wished in the pocket-book.

Useful Recipes.

Delicious Buns.—Work into raised dough butter, and lard or pork drippings, cut into buns, roll in sugar, work again, and press into each a few raisins: place the buns, scarcely touching each other, on a griddle. When light place on the top of the stove, unti the griddle is hot, then into the hot oven, and bake twenty minutes. Rub with a buttered rag and sprinkle with sugar.

Cinnamon Rolls.—On baking day take a piece of light dough, enough for a one-pound loaf of bread, and roll out till one nch thick; spread thinly with butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, and roll up. Cut with a sharp knife slices half inch think from the end of the roll, let raise, then bake quickly.

Vinegar Pie.—Into a cup of boiling vine gar stir thickening made of one tablespoon of flour, yolks of three eggs, half a cup of sugar and half a cup of cold water thoroughly beaten together; season with grated lemon peel or nutmeg. Have the crusts ready in two pie tins, pour in the filling and bake ten minutes. Beat whites of three eggs stiff with four teaspoons of white sugar, spread smoothly over the pies, and brown quickly in a hot oven. Watch, for it burns easily.

Mint Sauce.—Cut fine the leaves and tender shoots of green spearmint, cover with sharp vinegar and a teaspoon of sugar.

Baked Salmon.—Take a ten-pound salmon, dress but do not scale or skin. Wash well in cold water and rub inside and out with salt and pepper. Fill with a dressing made of cooked potatoes, bread and scraps of bacon fried brown, adding the fat; season with thyme and chopped onion; place in a long dripping pan. add one pint of hot water cover with another pan and bake half an, hour in a hot oven. Good hot or cold. Just before serving remove the skin, which is easily done, and squeeze lemon juice over the fish.

Good Pottage.—Boil ten cents' worth of at beef flank one hour in two quarts of water. Salt and boil an hour longer; then add carrots, cabbage, turnips, onions and potatoes, one parsnip cut fine, one salsify cut fine, one stalk of celery cut fine, and cook one hour.

Potato Balls.—Flouring the hands, work cold mashed potato into small round cakes and fry brown in lard, with a sprinkle of salt, or meat drippings which is better. Parsnips are nice cooked in this way.

Chicken Patties.—Pick the meat from a cold chicken and cut in small pieces. Put in a sauce-pan with a little hot water and milk, butter, salt and pepper. Thicken with a little flour and the yolk of an egg. Line patty-pans with good crust, glaze with the white of an egg, and bake. When done fill with the chicken and send to the able hot. Cut out round cakes of the crust for the tops, and bake them. Children are delighted with individual patties.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 520 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with **typhoid fever**, and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.** Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and **tonic medicine**, especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in composition, proportion and appearance.

How To Make Apples Pay Better.

The average grower of apples, it must be admitted, receives such a low price for his fruit, per barrel, especially his winter fruit that it is no wonder they complain of there being no money in the business, says a well-known writer. As a rule, they only realize $1 to $1.50 per barrel for their best fruit. The reason for such low prices is partly their own creation from dishonest or careless selecting and packing. The use of the old barrel has greatly to do with it as well, but the principal trouble arises from the desire to market their product all at the same time, and that time crowded into the matter of a few weeks.

Speculators, as a matter of course, have to take chances of the markets for months, as well as the matter of deterioration of the fruit in holding. As a natural consequence they want to buy as low as possible. Growers have no idea of the frightful losses in quantity of fruit between the time of packing and that of consumption.

This low value at time of picking and packing, as well as loss through deterioration, are avoidable and rest entirely, or largely so, with growers, as I will endeavor to show, not on a basis of theory, but from experience of actual results.

The period for disposing of his fruit th grower should extend over a greater length of time, and a change in method of selecting, packing and style of package, as well as keeping his fruit at a low temperature, will make him independent of market conditions.

The whole secret is simply in the matter of selecting fruit, not bruising it, wrapping each piece of fruit in paper and packing in cases, then placing them in cold storage at a temperature not over 38 degrees and as nearly 32 degrees as possible. The fruit needs to be picked, packed and put into cold storage within a week. The sooner they are under the influence of the cold storage after picking the longer they will keep.

Fall fruit will keep all winter, if put into this low temperature immediately after picking. The reason of the quick decay of fall fruit is simply the matter of the warm weather it is exposed to as nowhandled.

WHERE IS SHE GOING?

Is the New Woman Turning Into a New Man?

Those who have watched the efforts of the advanced woman to be a man are reaching the conclusion that, though she will not quite attain it, something decidedly new in humanity will be the result of it all.

Exactly what will occur may be left to the learned ladies strong in anatomy and physiology. Structural changes are slow, but every indication of a change must be sought. The perfectly mannish way in which the new woman wears a hat, carries a cane or smokes a cigarette, cannot be without its effect on her head, her hands and her lips. Mannish gaiters will give her feet increased latitude. When she lounges like a man, waists must widen and hips decrease correspondingly. As she uses dumbbells and sprints (some of them sprint) muscles of arms and legs will harden and develop; then away will go the curves and lines we call feminine. We have heard that one of the chief factors in nerve development among the new women is the use of the live mouse. One of these ferocious little animals is let loose in the gymnasium, and all the ladies are compelled to remain on the floor. In one class they also use spiders and caterpillars. A great hardening of the nerves—a lack of susceptibility to shock—results. It is said to be a complete cure for the mincing, womanly walk which always suggests mice. With fearlessness of tread a great step forward is made and swinging of the arm is sure to follow. It is notorious that the soprano voice is as much a boyish as a girlish indication; only the boys change. It is said in Sorosis circles that by uttering the words "bass drum" a hundred times a day in a loud tone (not shrieking) a woman may in a year or two be possessed of a fine baritone voice.

These are among the indications of change of form and structure, which, as we know, shape thought or decide mental attitude. The process on its further progress may be watched with interest. It is a matter of great moment to mere man to know where the movement is to stop. Is the new woman to be a new kind of man?